

# THE SATURDAY

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.  
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD STREET.

Edmund Deacon, Editors and Proprietors.  
Henry Peterson,

## Original Novel.

### TALLEGETTA; OR, THE SQUATTER'S HOME. A STORY OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY WILLIAM HOWITT,  
AUTHOR OF "RURAL LIFE IN ENGLAND,"  
"HOMES OF THE POETS," &c.

#### CHAPTER XI.

A SAMPLE, NOT OF GOLD BUT OF GOLD COMMISSIONERS.

Had the body of the police who captured the two Mormon saints, the Blessed Ben and Holy Joe, not been numerous and strong, there might have been mischief; for many a hand was laid on long knife and revolver, and many a grim-bearded fellow only wanted a word from the goat, Orson Escalator Kid, to plunge the steel and fire the ball with all family freedom into the Philistines, or in ordinary phrase, police. But though the goat, Orson, had cried out enthusiastically in one of his oration—"Ask, and ye shall receive; knock, and it shall be opened;" which he interpreted to mean—"Yea, if necessary, knock me down, or an unbeliever's skull," yet out of the pulpit, or rather the cart bottom, Orson Escalator had the prudence or the weakness of mortal flesh; therefore, when the sanguinary bro-then looked to him for a sign, there was no sign given, except that of the poor little man hurrying away, with a huge white hat dropped over his naked head, even to his shoulders.

The two culprits were secured in the lock-up for the night, and as it was well known that such men had often miraculously disappeared out of the prison, strong though it seemed, the storekeeper's friends set a watch over it. The next day at eleven o'clock they were brought out before the two commissioners and magistrates, Pantile and Barnend.

Now let no one deceive himself by his knowledge of what magistrates are in some other countries. Let nobody imagine a couple of portly, sage, rubicund old gentlemen, with very white hair and knowing faces, sitting in the seat of judgment on this occasion. The great count of colonies and civilization, of vast dependencies and great interests, old mother England, every young country sends, in her wisdom, very young magistrates. Those youths unlearned in the law, for they never know till the happy appointment comes, whether their friend, through a certain member of Parliament, had got them a clerkship, a bishopric, or a magistracy, were, however, ready for anything, and, therefore, by government logic, qualified for anything. These two verdant justices of peace, and commissioners in charge of her Britannic Majesty's Gold Fields, so runs the phrase, were downy-chinned lads, of tall growth. They were clad in a military costume of blue cloth, well overrun with gold lace, and wore cloth caps, with a broad band of gold. Mr. Commissioner Pantile was a young man of handsome figure, and with a smooth, pretty face, and a bust worthy of a hair-dresser's window, even though should plate glass. Mr. Commissioner Barnend was also a tall, fair youth, with very light hair, and very quick movements, and a confident, boyish, empty air. He was in everything the echo and fidus Achaies of Pantile.

Placed before this illustrious pair of representatives of the majesty and the laws of England, they surveyed Blessed Ben and Holy Joe with eyes which seemed to have seen them before, and asked what was the charge.

Charles was the spokesman, and having been sworn, related the story of the plated heap of washing stuff.

Before they had concluded, Pantile and Barnend had gradually kindled up from an assumed gravity into a smile, which culminated in a downward burst of loud laughter.

"Do you hear that, Barnend?" asked Pantile, in a delicate voice; "what a sell. The old judge, and still gudgeons."

"Great! green! uncommon green!" exclaimed Barnend, stamping about, and rubbing his hands.

"My young fellow," said Pantile, in great gravity, "do you come here for us to furnish you with brains?"

"Do you take in if they do?" said some one behind the crowd.

"Who? Who? Who said that?" exclaimed Barnend, turning round savagely.

Of course nobody knew.

"Why did you not try the washing-stuff?" asked Pantile.

"So we did, but not deep enough," said Charles.

"No, certainly not deep enough, by any means," replied Pantile, again laughing at his own wit.

"Well, fellow," addressing Blessed Ben, he stood very humbly, and bowed low his bushy, black head at every word of the magistrate's, "what have you to say for yourself?"

"Go it, blessed Ben, you know how to convince them," said the same voice behind.

"Who in that?" cried both the magisterial lads. "Bring him forward. We'll commit him or contempt of court."

But here, again, the wisdom of Mrs. Glasse became conspicuous—"First catch your hare, and then—"

The insulted majesty of the English colonial bench again sat down.

"What have you to say, you, there?"

"Oh! Lord bless your honors," said Blessing, smiling quite graciously upon the bench, "what can we say? What need we say? We pose on anybody, indeed! It's all fair, see?" presenting a paper. "That's from Mr. Goldkrieger, the German gold-buyer. He wants to buy the heap, and examined it, and here's its certificate."

Blessing handed the paper to Pantile with a most vicious air, and Holy Joe smiled most serenely.

"The idea! To think we would trick even a babe unborn."



# EVENING POST.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

Established August 4, 1821,  
Whole Number Issued 1833.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1857.

Mr. Commissioner Pantile scanned the paper a moment, and exclaimed,

"Oh! most satisfactory! Most entirely satisfactory! I dismiss the charge. A most ridiculous and childish charge, I decide!"

But what was Charles's astonishment to see, for he happened to stand just then a little in the rear of the honest commissioner, that within the paper was simply spread a ten pound note! Mr. Justice Pantile coolly folded the paper, and put it in his pocket, and Charles stood rooted to the spot in dumb surprise.

The blessed Brethren were comfortably moving off towards the door, when the storekeeper said—

"Stop a bit, it is my turn now."

"What do you say, sirrah?" asked Pantile, sharply.

"I am no sirrah," said the storekeeper, redening, "but a plain, substantial tradesman, who have law for his money. These fellows stole my horse, and there is my warrant."

Pantile took the warrant, just turned it over in his hand, and looking over his shoulder to Barnend, said—

"I think we must defer this hearing till tomorrow; I feel greatly fatigued."

"And so do I, damnable," said Barnend. "These seditions, silly affairs are confounded bores, and luncheon has been waiting this hour. The Kangaroo will be regularly devilled."

So away went the two brilliant specimens of the young officials of a young colony; and Blessed Ben and Holy Joe were conducted to the lock-up, where, the next morning, there was—no trace of them. Another magical certificate from the all-potent gold-buyer, Mr. Goldkrieger, had, doubt, been as efficacious with the turnkey as with the magistrates. Messrs. Pantile and Barnend were either very irate with the turnkey, or they acted it with all the genius of Charles Kean, but their attention, fortunately for the public treasury, was immediately called to a score of rude diggers in all their dirt, who were ushered into the court with much bustle and officiousness. They were unlucky devils who had been caught without their license in their pockets, though every man protested that he had one in his tent, if he might fetch it under guard. But Pantile simply said—

"You are each fined five pounds, or locked up until paid," and heedless of remonstrance or explanation, he and the inseparable juvenile, Barnend, marched off rather refreshed than fatigued by this summary exercise of the law, if that name can be given to the caprices of two empty boys, set to govern four hundred thousand people.

Charles Fitzpatrick was so disgusted by what he had seen, that he left the tent determined to quit the diggings forthwith. He was passing out, very hot in his feelings, and with a desperate frown on his features, when a knowing-looking digger, with light, sparkling eyes and clever air, said to him, in a voice which he recognized as the one that had called out in the court, the day before—

"Sold again, mate," said he. "Keep a bright lookout, and have your license in your pocket constantly, or you'll soon be haulled up like these poor fellows, for you are now a marked man."

And don't stir out of nights after dark, for the holy brethren have long knives, and are good shots; and there are swarms of them. And don't ask me to come into your tent, for it is just as likely to have half-a-dozen bullets through it one of these fine evenings, as that bribes are pleasant in the palm here."

"Thank you, sincerely," said Charles, as he walked away, full of very strange reflections.

It was yet early in the next afternoon when four horsemen were seen coming at a great rate up the green valley of the Bendigo, near Charles's tent, which was pitched on the side of the creek nearest to Iron Gully, and at that time little cut up, while the White Hills and nearly all that side showed one great bare chaos of gravel and pipe clay heaps. As they drew near, Charles recognized Purdy and his cob. Along with him was a tall old man in black of an ancient cut, who rode as if almost falling forward from fatigue, and his strong features wearing a pallid hue and solemnit rigidly as of death. Near him rode a boy of seventeen or so looking equally woe-begone, and—who is that? The short figure, drab suit, and bold, active features of Mr. Peter Martin!

Mr. Martin and Purdy turned directly towards Charles's tent, and the two other riders went on without a turn of the head, or a word spoken, up the valley.

"My dear Charles," said Mr. Peter Martin, springing from his horse, and leaving it to Purdy, "this is a sad affair. Now a word. I have heard all that happened on your return home. I am very sorry for it, but it does not surprise me. Another time for that. Now there is a life to be saved—two—three, perhaps half a dozen. I don't ask you to disobey your father, and have anything to do with me. But this lad must be saved, and you and I cannot help standing side by side as we each assist in the endeavor, any more than two of these gum-trees can help it. We must stand them side by side; we must help, help all we can, help body and soul. You and I are no more to each other than any two constables who may act in it, or two lawyers who may plead on the two sides—but we must go on each helping; these lives and the happiness of a most excellent family are too far above all these considerations to allow us to think of ourselves."

"Just so," said Charles, "I do not seek you, nor you me, I am sure, but we will go in the same group doing what we can."

"Who is he then?" asked Charles. "And what was he doing among the bushrangers?"

"The lad," said the digger, "is a young Popkins, Abijah Popkins he is called, a young store-keeper. They tell me he's the son of very decent parents, religious, regularly religious people, but perhaps they've been a little too tight-laced with the lad, and then you know well enough when a young fellow's principles are held together only by lacing, when the lace breaks, down go the principles. The young fellow has been wild here. I don't believe he has any harm in him, but he's weak, and he has got a habit of visiting a sly-grog shop, one of those that government pretends to put down, and which its own police wink at for a consideration. There he met bad company, this Black Douglas and Captain Melville, the two most rascally unhang'd highwaymen in the colony, and just as clever at robbery by cards and dice as by powder and ball. The young fellow has lost his money, lost his character, and would have lost his head if it had not been for this poor girl, his wife. They've only been married these six months, and a better creature, poor thing, never married to trouble. Well, the lad, so far as I can learn, had nothing in the world to do with these rascally thieves, but to lose his money by them; did not know, poor fool, who they were even that he gambled with; but the police have been long on the look-out for Douglas and Melville, and though they did not want to turn attention to this grog-shop, which was a profitable concern to them, telling Barks to inform Charles that he thought he had better follow to the Popkins's, he gods

off. Charles soon after took the same way en foot, and on reaching the store was ushered into the back apartment of it. The scene which presented itself on entering never again faded from the memory of Charles Fitzpatrick.

On a sort of sofa, or rather what is called in some parts of England a sofa, that is a wooden couch, with a cushion upon it, lay a young woman, the same that Charles had seen in a swoon in the street. She lay now in a state very similar.

Was she really living? was the thought which passed over Charles's mind as he saw her.

She was very young, a mere girl in appearance, and very fair. Her face was round in its contour, her features delicate and sweet, and around them lay her hair of a beautiful golden brown, giving her a sort of angelic look that seemed out of place in the wife of a storekeeper at the diggings. In circumstances of health and happiness, she must have presented a very interesting appearance, but now she lay pale as marble, motionless as the dead. Did she really live? Yes, for a young looking gentleman, a doctor, sat with his hand upon her thin, pale wrist, and his face fixed on hers with a serious air. On a stool in the corner behind the doctor sat the youth whom Charles had seen riding up the valley with the old man, and the old man was down on his knees by the side of the corpse-like girl. Near the foot of the couch stood Mr. Peter Magin, with a look fixed and solemn regarding the prostrate form, but a look from which that bold, self-confident air, which Charles had hitherto always seen in it had totally vanished, and left an impression of feeling—a sympathy equally remarkable. The old man was in prayer. His tall, dark figure was bowed as it were to the earth with affliction, and his long, white locks spread on his broad shoulders like the snows of winter on some storm-beaten mountain. His strongly developed features were sallow and rigid with grief, and in his prayer he seemed to wrestle with heaven under a feeling rather of the calamity and disgrace fallen upon his whole family, than of sympathy concentrated on the phantom-like form before him, in which the spirit was like some slight tissue of cloud in a still evening sky, waiting only for a breath or motion of the air to bear it away forever.

"Oh, Lord! let this cup pass from me! Let it pass, oh, Thou good and merciful God! Many and long are the days in which Thou has crowned me with mercy and blessing; Thou hast made me to go on and prosper, and now wilt Thou crush me in the latter end, as with a millstone? Let it pass—oh, Lord, let it pass! Can it be that such terrible things are in store for me? Oh! Lord! that I must be lost, that I must be cast into the flames of hell!"

"Take my word for it!"—she seemed to collapse, as it were before the phrase—a shudder passed through her whole frame; and fixing her clear, blue, but anxious eyes upon him, she said, faintly,

"Is that all? I thought you said there was good news?" her head sank upon her bosom, her hands were clenched rigidly together, and she appeared, pale and drooping as a broken fainting kindly at her.

The word law seemed to strike her like a heavy blow or a sudden cold blast, and when the doctor said "Take my word for it!"—she seemed to collapse, as it were before the phrase—a shudder passed through her whole frame; and fixing her clear, blue, but anxious eyes upon him, she said, faintly,

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"Not at liberty yet, dear Mrs. Popkins," said Doctor Roche, for that was the physician's name, "no, that is too much to expect in such a case—law is slow and formal, you know, it must be; but he will be liberated, take my word for it," smiling kindly at her.

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"All right, then, so far," said Mr. Martin; "and you believe this Randall an honest fellow?"

"Oh, sir," said the poor girl, "Abijah was not taken then. Mr. Randall came here with him, and it was agreed that Abijah should go along with him to Ballarock, for some months. Abijah went out, saying he had to pay some little accounts, and Mr. Randall saw him, to his consternation, go to Garwood's. He said at once, 'I will out with our horses, and go to Garwood's and take your husband at once. I dare say he owes something there, but he must not stay there a moment.' Away he went, but when he got to the tent, he heard that the police had been there; that the bushrangers had broke away after shooting two of them, and Abijah was gone, too, nobody knew where. The police attempted to seize Mr. Randall, because they had seen him with Abijah, but he galloped off. He sent a man over from Happy Jack's hut to learn news of Abijah, and to tell me that he could not stay, or he should be seized, too, on suspicion, and he could be of no use to Abijah if he were taken, but that he hoped he would escape, and that he had left a horse for him at Fenton's station, and he must come after him; he should ride home and wait for news."

"All right, then, so far," said Mr. Martin; "and you believe this Randall an honest fellow?"

"Oh, sir, a good man—a wonderfully good man! He has been more than a brother to Abijah!"

"That will do," said Mr. Martin, and he looked round for Charles and Jonas.

They were gone out; he followed instantly. In the next apartment, the store, in fact, he found Charles hastily putting up tea, sugar, salt and flour, for the journey. Jonas had gone for the horses. A woman, with a child under her arm, which she held like a little bundle, while she reached down things for Charles, said:

"Shall you bring him off, think you, sir?"

"Shall we?" said Mr. Martin, "of course we shall; make yourself sure of that, mate!"

He knew this would go to the anxious wife.—He then gave Charles the Squatter's Map, pointed out the station, and their way up to it, where they could refresh and lodge, and told them they must, colonial fashion, take four horses, each one in hand, so as to change them on the journey, and thus make vastly more speed. Very soon he saw them off, Jonas riding one of the two horses, and leading the other. Charles on Blue Beard, Mr. Martin's horse, and leading his own cob. Away they went at full career, meaning to reach Fenton's that evening, though the sun was setting low.

As soon as they were off, Mr. Martin turned into the tent again, where he found Mr. Matthew Popkins seated by the couch of his daughter-in-law, with a very grave aspect, and their conversation did not seem by any means to have consoled or comforted the poor afflicted girl.

"A poor weak creature is Abijah," he was saying; "but why did you not let us know, Patty? We soon have been over and given him a lecture."

"Ah, dear father, lecturing does Abby no good. He hates what he calls preaching, and gets out of the way of it. I hoped to win him to stick to business by kindness and by helping."

"One does not like running about telling tales of one's own husband."

"But that won't do, Martha," said old Matthew, sternly; "see what comes of it; what trouble, what disgrace, what spotting of the good name. I have always kept a tight hand on Abijah, and he needs it."

The poor girl looked the picture of misery; her face had resumed the same expression of distress, and was again of the same marble hue, as when the friends first arrived. The doctor was gone.

"Come, come, Mr. Popkins," said Mr. Martin, confidently; "we will have him, and if not in time for the day of trial, we will have that put off—I know the Governor well—he is not the man to depr

set him right again and again, but, as you say, the lad's weak; well, now, don't be angry, friend, I don't mean in intellect; he is clear enough, but weak in resolution, and I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Popkins, we must have this store sold, and have Abijah and our friend here down to Lahni Mill. The store is very valuable; Mrs. Popkins has kept it in spite of—well, never mind what; I can't have you growling at me, madam, and it will fetch a good sum."

"Well, there's my other son," said Matthew Popkins.

"What, Jonas?" exclaimed Mr. Martin. "No, take my word for it, he'll never turn store-keeper! He's a lad of the bush, and will thrive there! I can't agree to his coming here!"

"No, no!" said the old man; "I mean Abner."

"Oh, ay!—just so, just so! the very thing!" exclaimed Mr. Martin; "yes, yes, he shall come here, and Abijah and Patty, they shall come to this mill. Well, now, you like that," said the vivacious Mr. Martin, going up to the side of the young woman's couch, and taking her hand; "I see that you like that, and really it is a paradise of a place, that mill and that charming valley.—There Abijah will be out of bad company, all except his father," he said, laughing; "and if you go, sir, and lecture him too much, you'll be the very worst company he can have. No, no, encourage him—I say, encourage him; I like encouragement. Plants, animals, everything like sunshine. I like it. Too much frost and chill will kill anything. Yes, I see you think just as I do," tapping the young woman on the shoulder, who was smiling, and had regained a wonderful degree of animation, showing she liked both the talk and the prospect of getting her husband away to Lahni Mill. "I shall be delighted, we shall all be delighted to have you there," he continued, as if reading her thoughts, as no doubt he did. "We shall all like you, and will have fine times of it. But now—" He paused a moment, and a cloud, as of apprehension, fell on that young and most sensitive countenance. "But while these lads are away, we must set about and get up all the evidence we can prior to the last month, and that done, you must be off, Mrs. Popkins, to Castlemaine, and comfort your husband with your presence. I'll see that you have free access to him; and so, Mr. Popkins, send off for your son Abner, to commence store-keeping—a capital chance for him—as soon as he can get hither."

While Mr. Martin and Mr. Matthew Popkins are doing this, with the aid of Mr. Abijah Popkins's wife, and that of Barks and Purdy, who are dispatched as messengers in every direction, we will follow our two young travelers on their journey.

## CHAPTER XII.

### A RIDE IN SEARCH OF EVIDENCE.

Our two youths made the best of their way. Leaving Fenton's station with the dawn next morning, they soon after crossed the Loddon, and held away through the forest towards Mount Korong. Thence they threaded their way across to the Avoca, and cantered on leaving Mount Jeffco to the left, bearing north-west for the region where the waters of the Wimond lost themselves in the distant lakes. We shall not describe their journey. It was through scenery varied by low hills, rich green valleys, and the different species of gum trees, each kind according to the soil or the rock that it likes best. Now they traversed the low banks of streams where the red gum trees flourished in noble bulk and altitude, now the rocky barren ranges where the stringy-bark and the iron bark prevailed. They found hearty welcome at the different stations in their way, and distinct directions for their next stage. Thus they cantered on, grave, and eager to reach their journey's end. Jonas, as we know, a capital bushman, and very amusing in his curiously blundering yet witty observations, was now too deeply anxious to be anything but serious and often taciturn. Now riding one horse and now another, they advanced at a rapid rate. On the second day they found themselves on the borders of that immense region of Malice scrub, which extends over a vast stretch of the north-west of the colony. Luckily for them a track was cut through it, and they were thus at once enabled to advance with speed, and prevented from wandering. This Malice scrub, as it is called, consists of a dense wood of dwarf species of gum tree, *Eucalyptus Dumosa*. This tree, often not more than a dozen feet in height, stretches its horizontal and rigid branches around it, so as to form with its congeners a close, compact mass. So close is it, that you may travel for scores of miles through it, and see no trace of any vegetation but itself, and a species of twining plant, which runs like cord among it, and as it were, knits and ties it up into an impenetrable mass. Where vegetation does prevail, it is generally the sharp and inhospitable nettle grass, the blades of which are like wires, and every one of which terminates in a point sharp and keen as a needle. This grass affords no nourishment to the horse of the traveller, but where he is obliged to traverse it, wounds and stings his legs fearfully. Woe, therefore, to the wanderer who finds himself involved in the mazes of the fearful Malice scrub. He may occasionally make his way to some distance, but the impenetrable thickets compel him to turn thither and thither, and soon he is completely bewildered, and eventually brought to a dead stand, not knowing how to advance or retreat. Hence the skeletons of many a lost traveller lie bleaching in the melancholy wastes of the Malice scrub. The only access to any given point is that made by the axe, and along such a passage between the walls of the scrub our travellers advanced. There was no turning right or left, and so destitute of animal life was this scene, that for a score of miles as they rode through it, they did not see a bear, a bird, or frog, nor perceive so much as a lizard crawling by its motion the soundless and wearied jungle.

Issuing from this tedious and unattractive region, they found themselves in a vast sandy desert. Low sand hills, covered with a thinly scattered wood of blue-looking gums, extended on their right hand, and before them stretched an arid, sandy plain, sparingly scattered with low bushes, and clothed with a rigid vegetation resembling the heather. Both they and their horses were wearied with their two days rapid journey. They looked round and onward in vain for a trace of water; they listened for the ever welcome sound of frogs—there was no such cheering note. All was dry, barren, and desolate. It was now August, a winter month verging on spring, and yet all was dry; they felt what it must be in the sultry summer months, more resembling a furnace than a habitable land.

For hours they rode on in great perplexity and anxiety. All track was lost. They might in this pathless desert of sand go on for days, and find no human habitation, if they missed the one they were in quest of. It was not till now, that they felt the hazardous nature of their undertaking.

Without a guide, what could lead them to their goal? They stood still and held a council, the result of which was to proceed no further across the plain, which appeared interminable, and by all accounts was only bounded by the terrible Malice scrub. To the right they could perceive something like rocks, and they determined to direct their course thither. Their horses showed every mark of exhaustion, and no wonder, for they had each of the two last days passed over more than seventy miles of ground, and some extremely rugged and difficult. They were evidently exhausted by intense thirst, and water was still the most hopeless of all things to obtain. The sun was fast descending the evening sky, and weary were both man and horse, parched with heat and drought, for the day had been very warm. They trudged on a couple of hours. The rocks, if they were such, seemed to recede at their approach, and they almost began to regard them as some illusion. Anon, however, they saw them grow more distinct. They soon clearly showed themselves as granite rocks, strangely wild, gray, and broken. On their backs stood up, ragged and sickly, a number of straggling pines, of the calitris species, which, like our Scotch fir, lives and takes root in the driest crevices of the most barren and hot rocks. Beneath the rocks were several openings like little valleys, showing behind a moist arid, and arid region, as if the very soil were only particles of decayed granite, and bearing a meagre forest of crooked and twisted stringy bark. The aspect of the place was singularly desolate—and yet in one of the openings under the gray pile of rocks, and overhung by several of the skeleton-like calitris trees stood a wooden hut roofed in with sheets of stringy bark, kept in their places by stones slung from the top of cow-hide.

Humble and miserable as was the hut, our youths beheld it with feelings of unspeakable exultation. They took it for granted that it was inhabited, though they saw no smoke issue from its chimney, and not a creature appeared visible. Not a dog lay about the place, so universally the case at stations; not a fowl or a pigeon appeared above or below, but these, were they there, might have betaken themselves to roost. It was now sunset, yet the sun glared unabated from the west across the waste of arid sand, and the place seemed glowing in a red and fiery heat.

"If the place be tenanted," said Jonas, "what is to become of our horses, for neither grass nor water can exist here."

As he spoke, however, a large sheep-dog set up a wild bark somewhere in the top of the rocks, and appeared to be descending by some hidden way, barking furiously as he came. They looked, and on the brow of the precipice opposite to them, they beheld an object which filled them with astonishment. It was a stout, thick figure of a man, as it seemed, but of a thickness which amounted almost to monstrosity. The figure could not be more than four feet in height, and breadth it was beyond all ordinary proportions to its altitude. It was clad in a scarlet shirt, which was stuffed into a pair of tattered trousers, which again disappeared in a large pair of jack-boots, those called Napoleons, only reaching to the knee. On his boots he wore a large pair of spurs, and a dark colored pair of braces made themselves conspicuous over his shirt. He had no hat on, but his head which appeared large and wild, was covered with a bush of curling, black hair, and his complexion at that distance appeared of a swarthy brown. This strange apparition stood motionless and perfectly silent, eying them attentively from his elevation, while the dog had descended, and after several circles made round them barking vociferously, now drew itself up at the door of the hut and showed its teeth, growling in a low tone.

"Good-morning, mate," shouted Jonas to the strange object on the precipice, "any one at home?"

"I am here," said the figure, laconically, without moving, and in a voice of extraordinary gruffness.

"If you are the sole tenant of the place," added Jonas, "we shall be extremely obliged to you for a night's rest and refreshment for ourselves and horses!"

"Does it look like a place where refreshment abounds?" replied the unmovable figure.

"Well, not remarkably," replied Jonas, "but before we bandy any more compliments, just tell me—is this Mr. Randall's station?"

The "sturdy stump of a man," as Jonas called him, *sotto voce*, to Charles, took some little time to consider his answer, which, when it came, was only—

"And suppose it should be?"

"Then, if it should," rejoined Jonas, "it would be a blessing, for we have as little inclination to travel further in this sort of country, as you, mate, have, as it would seem, for talking. If this be Mr. Randall's, we want to see him."

"May be," rejoined the figure, "but Mr. Randall is not at home."

"Then we must wait till he comes."

"Perhaps you may tire of that. Can you live on sand?"

Jones now stared at the man, if man he were, and took a long silence before answering—

"Not on sand, mate, but we could do tolerably on sandwiches. We are not particular, but we are in haste," and with this he and Charles dismounted, without ceremony, and determined to see what kind of quarters the place afforded.

This strange, inhospitable reception, from a creature so strange, was so totally out of character with the customs of the colony, that they were at a loss what to make of it, but they and their horses were both too much in need of refreshment and rest, to stay wasting further words.—As they dismounted, however, the squat figure began to dismount from his eminence, and as they had just opened the door of the hut, where they saw nobody, he came up to them. If they had been astonished at his appearance at a distance, they were ten-fold more so on a closer view. The man, for man it was, was evidently a dwarf, but not a dwarf alone, but one of those remarkably strongly-built forms, which are called double-jointed. His legs, in his boots, bore some resemblance in thickness to those of an elephant; at the same time they were extremely short.—His arms and hands were of equally massive size. His neck was like a little tower, and his head, though by no means disproportioned, was large, massive and indicative of great strength, both physical and intellectual. His face, though of an almost copper hue, was rather handsome, and the expression singularly mild, though at this moment, reserved and lowering. The two youths stood before him in astonishment, not unmixed with awe. The place and the man, taken together, had something weird and supernatural about them.

"Will you oblige me with your names, gentlemen?" said the ponderous little man, laying his large hand on the handle of the door, and drawing the door to.

"Mine is Fitzpatrick," said Charles.

The sturdy stump of a man gave no indication of its effect on him.

"And mine is Popkins," said Jonas.

There was the most instant change of the man's countenance. The cloud vanished; the caution was gone. His eyes flashed out a sunbeam of light, and the hitherto taciturn person now exclaimed, in a voice singularly soft:

"Bravo, Mr. Popkins! I have been on the lookout for you these four days, on the hill. I congratulate you on your escape; Mr. Randall will be rejoiced. He will soon be at home."

The door was flung open, the horses were led away. There was found an abundance of water and corn, and soon the two weary youths were seated in the hut, where the kettle was speedily boiling for tea. It was wonderful to see the activity with which the little bulky man went about the details of cook, notwithstanding his ungainly elephantine build. He came with a load of wood on his shoulder, enough for a horse, and piled it carefully in a corner for the evening fire, observing that the nights were still very cold. He set a massive table in the middle of the room, lifting it as an ordinary man would the merest little card-table. In a very short time he had the tea things on the table, and kangaroo steaks frying on the fire, with a piece of cold beef and a wattle-bird pie also ready on the board.

"You mistake me for my brother Abijah," said Jonas, sorrowfully, as the large little man was busily frying his steaks.

"What?" said the old man; "They have not taken me?"

"I am sorry to say they have," replied Jonas, "and my brother is now in Castlemaine. He wants Mr. Randall to give evidence for him."

"Oh, Lord of Mercy! In prison! Ay, they were within a hair of having Mr. Randall, to whom Good Lord alive! What is to be done? I was afraid they might be coming here after Mr. Randall, and that made me so rude to you till I knew who you were. Oh, lads, lads, lads! And there comes the master! I must run and tell him! Will you hold my pan?"

He gave the handle to Jonas, and disappeared with a speed which astonished them, from the peculiarity of his build. Anon he returned, grave and thoughtful, and without a word, took his pan, and proceeded in silence with his business.

In a few minutes a man walked, or rather limped, into the apartments, who scarcely less excited the surprise of the young men than their first acquaintance.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

### TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are \$2 a year, if paid in advance; \$3, if not paid in advance. For \$5, in ADVANCE one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

Four Copies, - - - - - \$3.00 a year.  
Eight, - - - - - 1.00  
Thirteen (and one to the gutter up of Club), 10.00  
Twenty (and one to the gutter up of Club), 20.00

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to pay the United States postage.

Persons residing in CANADA must remit FORTY CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to pay the Canadian postage.

REDD INK. E. F. S. We know of no method by which redd ink can be made durable. A method called Carmine, which is sold at the stations, will be found to be fadeless, or nearly so. It is more expensive than the ordinary red ink. All colored inks are less durable than black, and the latter, when of the best quality, should always be used for writings of importance.

### PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that arrangements have been made with the following distinguished writers for contributions during the present year (1857):—

WILLIAM HOWITT, (or ENGLAND,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUGUSTINE DU GANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, THE AUTHOR OF "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," THE AUTHOR OF "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

After the completion of Mr. Howitt's Novel,

Tallentige; or, the Squatter's Home,

the following Novelties will be given, though probably not in the exact order here mentioned:—

THE STORY OF A COUNTRY GIRL.

By ALICE CARY. An Original Novel, written expressly for the Post.

THE WITHERED HEART.

An Original Novel, written expressly for the Post, by T. S. ARTHUR.

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novel, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

FOUR IN HAND; OR, THE BEQUEST.

Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE QUAKER'S PROTEGE,

An Original Novel, written for the Post by Mrs. MARY A. DENISON, Author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Lost of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

We have also the promise of a SHORT AND CONDENSED NOVELLET BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

to run through about six or eight numbers of the Post.

In addition to the above list of contributions, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

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## THE NEWS FROM EUROPE.

The steamer *Persia* brings accounts of European affairs up to the 10th inst. The news is interesting and important. Lord Napier, a practical diplomatist, with Austrian, Persian, Russian, Neapolitan and Turkish experiences at his disposal, has been appointed Minister to these United States. So we have not gone to war about Mr. Crampion, after all!

The Plenipotentiaries who assembled at Paris to terminate the difficulties respecting the Treaty of the 30th March, have brought their labors to a close, and the official organ of the French Government gives the result. The Conference has decided that the frontier lines shall follow the Vale of Trajan as far as the river Yalpuk, leaving Bolgrad and Tabak to Moldavia, and that Russia shall retain, on the right bank of that stream, the town of Komrat, with a territory of 300 square versts. The Isle of Serpents has been considered as belonging to the Mouth of the Danube. The territories west of the new line are to be annexed to Moldavia, with the exception of the delta of the Danube, which returns to Turkey.

Paris, meanwhile, has been convulsed by a terrible tragedy. The Archbishop of the city while officiating in the church of St. Stephen, was stabbed to the heart by a discharged priest, named Verger. The Archbishop died instantly. Verger was formerly a priest in a provincial diocese, and had been discharged for preaching against the new Catholic dogma of the Immaculate Conception. At the moment of the assassination, when lifting the Archbishop's cape, he drew a butcher knife into the latter's heart, he shrieked "Down with the goddess!"—an expression which he afterwards explained to refer to the doctrine of the Conception. He is supposed to be insane. This was the priest who received in his arms the former Archbishop of Paris who fell in the Revolution of '48, shot down on the barricade while attempting to intercede between the troops and the insurgents.

The previous accounts of Swiss affairs showed that William Tell is not dead yet. The whole country blazed with enthusiasm. It was said that if war ensued, four hundred thousand men would take the field. Late, when the canton of Geneva wanted eight hundred thousand francs to purchase arms, the entire sum was subscribed at the town hall in twenty-four hours! There is, however, a good prospect of peace. Wurtemburg threw a serious obstacle in the way of the Prussian invader by refusing to allow his troops to pass through her territory. This rendered the invasion extremely difficult, if not impossible.

The Swiss Government declared its willingness to put a stop to the legal proceedings against the Prussian prisoners who attempted to set up an insurrection in Neuchâtel, if France and England would promise their efforts to procure the complete independence of Neuchâtel, and withdraw their adhesion to the protocol of 1842 in favor of the King of Prussia, if they did not obtain from that monarch the abandonment of his pretensions to the Canton. Prussia wanted the prisoners who attempted to make trouble in Neuchâtel, released, and was willing to negotiate the other matters.

It now appears that the difficulty is virtually settled by the interposition of France, supported by England and Austria. The emperor Napoleon undertakes that Prussia shall release him upon Neuchâtel in return for the release of the prisoners. Further, France and Austria undertake to prevent any aggression by Prussia upon Switzerland. Switzerland approves these terms, and the Federal Assembly is authorized to ratify them. It seems probable that Prussia will raise no objections to this settlement.

Rome a concile of churchmen was held on the 15th of December, in which the state of the Church in Mexico and South America was considered. His Holiness the Pope complains bitterly of the doing of the new Government of Mexico, and declares the measures it has taken against the authority of the Apostolic Chair to be null and void. His Holiness also denounces those priests who obey the laws of the countries in which they live, rather than the instructions forwarded from Rome!

Marshal Radetzky, well known as a General in the war against Hungary, has died suddenly, leaving the world probably for the world's good. Persia seems disposed to come to a settlement with England. The Persian troops had marched beyond Herat, meeting with no resistance on the part of the Afghans, and it is thought, would advance still further. News of them is anxiously expected at Constantinople.

The rest of the news relates to the recent bombardment of Canton. It is not stated, or rather restated, that our Consul and man-of-war at that port had any part in this transaction. If they had, they ought to be called to account for it. A statement in the *London Weekly Times*, is in substance, as follows: A Chinese vessel, the Arrow, had obtained a Colonial register, which by the provisions of the treaty formerly wrung from the Chinese government, entitled the vessel to be considered under British control and protection. The vessel was manned by twelve Chinamen, who were arrested by order of Yeh, the Governor General and Imperial Commissioner, on a charge preferred by a citizen of Canton, stating that among them was a man or persons who had committed piracy on him at sea. The English claim that, by the way, the Chinese authorities can only make criminal arrests through the British Consul, which was not true in this instance. The Consul declares that the Chinese police when they made the arrest, also hauled down the British flag. He sent to the Governor-General, Yeh, demanding the return of the crew of the Arrow, and an apology for the insult. Yeh, the Consul reported, refused to receive the libeled men. Then the English Governor of Hong Kong took up the matter, repeating the demands of the Consul, and received the same answer. Then Sir Michael Seymour, the Admiral of the station, came up, and demanded reparation and apology. On the following day, Yeh sent the twelve spawed to the Consul. The Consul would not receive them, demanding that they should be publicly restored to the vessel, and a letter of apology written. The matter was then placed in the hands of the Admiral, who demanded a personal interview with Yeh, was refused, and then captured some of the Chinese forts. Yeh, continuing silent, more forts were taken, the city wall staved in, and the British troops marched into the city to the Governor's Palace, which was found deserted. Then the Palace was bombarded;—the Bogue were also battered with projectiles, and the number of unfortunate Chinamen slaughtered with shot within their walls, a large number were drowned while endeavoring to swim from the forts to the mainland!

The London *Weekly Times* declares that the Consul "proceeded rather fast" in this matter. We think he did. We think that—this account being correct—if he and the others were hanged with a rope made of official red tape, poetic and natural justice would at once be honored, and the world considerably benefited. The *London News* considers the action of the British authorities at Canton, disgraceful, and says that despatches from Canton assert that the British, and not the Chinese, behaved like barbarians. We agree to it all.

The Chinese Governor denied that the Arrow was a British vessel; denied that she came under the provisions of the treaty; asserted that her British flag on the statement of the prisoners, had been bought of a private merchant; declared that his police boarded her under the belief that she was a Chinese vessel, and said that she had been built by a Chinese ship-wright. Whatever falsehood was in his statement, though it is very likely, true, it is still shown that he denied having hauled down the flag, disclaimed any intention of it, and released the prisoners. It seems to us that this explanation and reparation should have been thought sufficient. His denial was, in courtesy, as good as the assertion. His disclaimer of offence neutralized the imputation. His return of the men was all that could have been desired. At any rate, his action in the matter should have been accepted when the alternative was the slaughter of so many human beings. Suppose the circumstances had occurred in an American, instead of a Chinese city; suppose that our *athothes* had informally arrested some British subjects; is it likely that an English Consul and an English Admiral would have conjointly undertaken to demand technical and refuse practical reparation, and ended by bombarding one of our principal cities? They would have swallowed the insult before they would have done such things! But why should they treat the Chinese differently from us? Is not justice, justice, the world over? Is fair and honest dealing geographical? But then the Chinese are a weak nation, and can be bullied or slaughtered on the flimsiest pretext, at the will of an insolent group of underlings; and we are a strong nation, and cannot be so served. That is the difference.

The key to the singular and apparently unreasonable action of the British officials in this case, may be—possibly—in the prevailing rumor that before the matter ends, England will add the Chusan Islands to her colonial possessions. If this is true, the affair instead of being chargeable only to the impudence of a knot of upstart underlings, rises to the bad dignity of a state scheme for the acquisition of territory. It is the fashion with these powerful governments.—They force weak nations into making treaties which they know the others will break; they slaughter the innocent multitude when their governors violate, or seem to violate, the forced bargains; and then, on the pretext of indemnity, they end the long plot by taking territory to which they have no just claim. How long are these practices to continue? Till the common and Christian sense of professedly Christian nations, sternly rebukes Ministers, Kings, or Presidents who do such deeds in their name, and declares that it scorns any commercial or territorial advantage which cannot be obtained in a fair and honorable manner.

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FIRST LESSONS IN ENGLISH GRAMMAR. BY S. W. CLARK, A. M. A. S. BARNES, NEW YORK.

The primary elements of English grammar are presented in this work, in a series of simple analytical and synthetical lessons. It is intended for the use of young pupils, and has many excellencies.

DURAND'S TERPSICHORE, OR BALL ROOM GUIDE, (Fisher & Brother, Philada.) is the title of a little volume which forms a compendium of the theory, practice, and etiquette of dancing, and embraces a description of all the cotillions, polkas, mazurkas, gallopades, waltzes, etc., of the day. It is illustrated with appropriate pictures and diagrams, and will be found of great use to learners.

TEMPTING OFFER.—A recent advertisement read as follows: "Stolen, a watch, worth a hundred dollars. If the thief will return it, he shall be informed where he may steal one worth two of it, and no questions asked."

An Irish drummer, who now and then indulged in a noggan of right good poeteen, was accosted by the reviewing general: "Pat, what makes your nose so red?" "Please your honor," said Pat, "I always blush when I speak to an officer."

An Alabama editor says of a late festive occasion, "Several healths and songs were masterly advanced, and received in the climax of ecstasy and unanimity, whilst the eloquence was borne from the speakers' lips on the resounding pinions of enthusiasm, the dying echoes of which were like the murmurings of distant thunder."

Man doubles all the evils of his fate by pondering over them; a scratch becomes a wound, a slight an injury, a jest an insult, a small peril a greater, and a

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, JANUARY 31, 1857.

## DAOU, THE LITTLE.

In the beautiful city of Damascus, there once lived a robe-maker of the name of Selim. He kept a splendid Bazaar in one of the principal streets, and employed a great many hands. Among these were two youths named respectively, Daoud and Youssef. They were good workmen, but differed much in appearance and disposition. Daoud was quiet and modest, but Youssef was a knave up to anything; and when once the labors of the day were over, he was always ready for mischief.

Nothing, however, delighted him more than to gather round him an assembly of his fellow workmen, and to relate to them an incredible number of tricks and impositions which he had played upon his former masters, or people with whom he had been acquainted.

He was fond, too, of raising a laugh at poor honest Daoud's expense, and holding him up to the ridicule of his companions. "There's poor little Daoud," he would say, "sitting on his shop board, working away with his needle; slaving and toiling, and seeing nothing that is joyous but in gusset and seam! Why, I don't think he has ever been outside the city gates in all his life! Doubtless, he knows as much of the world as the fly did that sat on the axle-tree of the carriage, and shouted out to his companions when he returned home from a journey—My stars! when we put on two horses how we did whiz! and when we had four, how we did fly!"

At this sally there was sure to be a laugh at Daoud's expense, and the little fellow would draw in his head, and seem for a time smaller than ever; *stem we say, for he was not quite so simple as Youssef and his companions thought him.* Besides, whatever peccadilloes he had been in the habit of committing, he had not acquired the reputation of a knave, and that was some advantage in a city like Damascus, the Beautiful. At length, a terrible thing happened; Selim the robe-maker, who had for a long time been borrowing money at an exorbitant interest of those Glouars, the Jews, became bankrupt, and his creditors seized on all his stock, and sold off every stick!

What a variety of rich stuffs, cloths of gold, silver-laced tunics, and trowsers slashed with scarlet filigree work, there were to be disposed of! However, everything was cleared off, and all the workmen turned adrift to shift for themselves, and to get masters where best they could.

"I don't care so much for myself, my hands can always feed my mouth," said Youssef, with a mock pity, "but poor little Daoud! what will become of him? he must starve! However, poor fellow, it won't cost much to bury him, and after he has wasted away a little more, we can stow him away into some rat's hole."

Daoud heard what his former comrade said, shrugged up his shoulders, and made no reply—in fact, he was much obliged to Youssef for aiding to the rat's hole. It gave him a hint. The fact was, he was not so badly off as Youssef imagined, for whilst the latter and his companions had spent all they received as fast as they earned it, he had saved up fifty good, bright sequins in a leather bag against a rainy day.

Now it sorely puzzled him what to do with this treasure? It was too small a sum to set up in business with, and as for putting it out to interest, there was a kind of panic in the money market at that moment, and he did not know whom to trust, so he thought he would for once just take Youssef's advice, and stow away, not himself but his better half, his leatheren purse of sequins into some secure rat's hole. However, he thought he would wait a day or two, and look about him.

Meanwhile, things did not go on so well with Youssef as he had expected. Trade was bad; more failures succeeded that of Selim's, owing to the Jews or to the Glouars, or to a great comet, which at that moment was in sight, and the streets were thronged with groups of discontented workmen out of employ.

Youssef himself grew thin, and often went to bed without a supper; nay he could scarcely procure a copper for a few handfuls of spoiled rice; on the contrary, Daoud grew quite fat, for he had no work now to harass him, and though he had diminished his store by a few sequins, the bag was tolerably full as yet. It was a mystery indeed to Youssef how his friend kept up his fat; so he determined to watch his proceedings.

There was a ruined mosque near the city, and one evening as Youssef in a very melancholy mood was pacing among its crumbling columns and grass-grown pavements, he saw, by the light of the moon, which suddenly emerged from a cloud, a man crouching down and apparently hiding something in a hole in one of the walls among the ivy.

How like to Daoud it was! he thought. Yet what could he be doing there? Youssef was about to call out to him, when second thoughts restrained him, and he quickly stepped aside behind an old buttress, and concealed himself until his former fellow shopman had left the spot. Then out he crept, and approaching the place where he had seen Daoud, stooped under the wall, and groping about for a little time beneath the ivy, at last put his hand down a rat's hole.

In a moment, he felt something like a string, and then the top of a purse. Drawing it up and taking it to the light, he found, to his great delight that it was a money bag, containing forty-five sequins.

Where could little Daoud have got all this treasure? Had he turned robber, or had he stumbled upon some lucky adventure like those recorded in the Legends of the East, which enriched the porters, calanders, one-eyed shoe-makers, and hunched-backed tailors of the days of the renowned Aaron, the Just? What a fool he had been all his life to despise the friendship of such a genius as little Daoud! Forty-five sequins! why all his tricks and knavery had never acquired him half so many!

However, perhaps he might induce him to take him into partnership, that is, if he did not find out who robbed him? So Youssef was about to call out to him, when second thoughts restrained him, and he quickly stepped aside behind an old buttress, and concealed himself until his former fellow shopman had left the spot.

He wandered about for some months, picking up a precarious livelihood, and at last found himself at Bassora. Here he stumbled on a piece of luck. He happened to attract the attention of the ruling Pacha, as he one day came to the assistance of his attendants in catching a favorite mule belonging to that prince, which had broken away from its conductor.

Being of a good figure and of an easy carriage, and possessing a somewhat bold and dashing air, with plenty of assurance, Youssef's promotion was rapid, and he speedily rose to the high position of Hajeb or Doorkeeper to the Hall of Audience, where the Pacha held his morning levee.

Had Youssef been able to restrain his dishonest propensities, he might perhaps have advanced even higher in the favor of his employer, but it was doomed to be otherwise.

He quickly commenced to levy all manner of exactions upon the petitioners who came to obtain an audience of the Pacha, and those who

were engaged in a very good humor.

"I will take a seat, my dear Youssef," he said, squatting down on an old cushion on the floor, "for I want your advice, and as a friend whom you have known for a great many years, I feel you are a person on whom I can thoroughly rely."

Youssef nodded, but wondering what all this could mean, said nothing.

"The fact is you must know," said Daoud, laughing, "I have been rather a penurious fellow, a little miserly, if you like to call it so, and when you and two or three jolly fellows took the world easily, and very properly enjoyed it, I thought of nothing but of scraping piastra upon piastra, until they became sequins, as I do now of converting my sequins into pieces of gold."

"His sequins?" thought Youssef, "I wish he may get them!"

"So I got together between forty and fifty of these little bits—well, then came this affair with the Jews—I mean my master's bankruptcy, and our being turned adrift, and then commenced my troubles; what to do with these sequins I did not know; how to turn them to account, or to what good purpose to apply them."

"You know, I was always considered a half-silly fellow, not fit for business, not very bright, Eb, Youssef?"

Youssef nodded.

"Yes, I always thought you rather soft, my dear Daoud; but then, who can help his faculties?"

"True, we can't help our faculties," continued Daoud, "but you can't think how the disposal of this money has bothered me. Well, I had just settled it all in my own mind, and had just found out a nice snug place in an ancient ruin near the city—I can't tell you where, you know?"

said Daoud, with a cunning wink. "Nay, I had even carried my treasure there, last night, and thought how very snugly it would rest, and I should be quite easy, when lo! into my room walks a notary this morning, and presents me with a bag containing one hundred sequins, being the bequest of some ancient relative whose affairs he had been called in to settle! Was there ever such an unlucky dog? My troubles were renewed; however, for the present, I can stow this treasure where I put the last, and I shall make a point of going to the ruin the first thing to-morrow for that purpose."

"Yet this system can't last forever, so I have been considering that, as you are a clever fellow, and every one thinks you are sure to do well, if you but once got into a decent business, cannot you take care of the one hundred and forty-five sequins for me?"

"I will certainly try to do so," said Youssef, "although it is a great responsibility, and when one does a favor, we always find people ungrateful."

"That shall never be the case with me. In three days I will be here with the notary to draw up a bit of an agreement as regards interest, you know, and at the same time, I will bring you the whole of the money. Good-bye, for the present, dear Youssef."

"Good-bye," said Youssef; "let me open the door for you, my friend."

"Oh, don't give yourself that trouble," said the happy little Daoud, and away he ran.

"I will go to the ruin and instantly replace the forty-five sequins before he discovers his loss," said Youssef, "and then I will warrant I'll find means to appropriate the whole of his capital without any conditions, or the aid of his notary."

So saying, as soon as it was dark, he crept out, as he thought, unperceived, and deposited Daoud's little treasure in the very place whence he had purloined it.

However, the shrewdest people are sometimes mistaken.

"What now, fellow?" said Youssef. "The Pacha is about to retire; thou canst have no audience to-day; to-morrow or next week."

"Very well, your excellency; only, as I have been fortunate enough to find the Tonquin goldfinch of our Lady Aimee, should his Highness hear of the delay, he might perhaps blame one or both of us, and the consequences would not be quite so pleasant as we might wish them to be."

"Blame indeed, why what a knave art thou to talk? who knows but that thou hast stolen the very bird, and a few stripes of the bastinado?"

Youssef stamped and raved, and even rolled on the ground, in the frenzy of his passion and disappointment. All was to no purpose. Nor did he ever see anything of the notary, or the sequins, nor the condition as promised, nor of Daoud himself—the latter had left Damascus!

The fact is, no sooner had the little man on the first occasion deposited the bag containing his hard won savings in the rat's hole, than he heard a slight noise, and turning round, caught a glimpse of Youssef before the latter had time to conceal himself. Daoud, however, did not suspect that he had been himself observed and watched, not indeed until the next day, when, having occasion to go to his store sooner than he expected, for another sequin or two, he discovered that he had been robbed.

His suspicions at once fell upon Youssef.—Nevertheless, he had no proofs of his dishonesty; and he knew he was far too cunning to be detected with the property. At first, he considered all was irretrievably lost, until bethinking that the thief might be induced to replace the treasure if he knew it was not missed, in order to gain an increased sum, he set his wits to work and conjured up the ghost of a deceased relative, and invoked a mythical notary to his aid! Having recovered his treasure, he lost no time in taking his departure from Damascus, verily believing that if he remained, Youssef would be certain to cut the matter short, I will instantly obtain the admission, if thou wilt swear by the Prophet that I shall receive half thy reward!"

"Half the reward!" exclaimed Daoud in astonishment, "why, what hast thou done for it? Surely this is most unreasonable!"

"Not at all," said Youssef, "I receive no other recompence but what fees I can obtain from visitors like thyself. And rather than admit thee without such pledge and promise I will submit to be sent to the quarries of the Crimea for life! Besides, friend Daoud, if thou taxest thy conscience a little, thou wilt remember, I owe thee a turn!"

"Oh, aye, I remember—the sequins and the rat's hole in the ruins? Certainly, friend Youssef, I disappointed thee a little upon that occasion. Well, then as time is precious, and I am something in the debt, I swear thou shalt receive half of whatever recompence His Highness may decree to me!"

"Done!" said Youssef. "Go in, and may Allah soften His Highness' heart, and make him benignant to his servants!"

Daoud of course now obtained admission. The Pacha who was about to break up a sitting of more than usual duration, turned round somewhat impatiently to scrutinize the new claimant upon his attention. Instantly, however, his countenance became radiant with pleasure. The little bird, with its chain of gold attached to the wrist of the meanly clad wayfarer, seemed to proclaim at once its own tale of recovery. He listened to

applied empty-handed, or omitted to fee the Chamberlain, as he arrogantly called himself, were either kept waiting for hours without obtaining admission, or were dismissed with the assurance that the Pacha was too much indisposed to attend to their particular concerns.

It happened one day that the Lady Aimee, a Sultan's daughter, and a favorite of the Pacha—

Aimee, who was as beautiful as the young moon on a summer's night, whose cheek bore a hue softer than that of the pomegranate, when its first roseate tint is awakened by the sun, and whose voice was more melodious than that of the Bulbul, when he sings to the rose in the gardens of Cashmere—Aimee, taking a little winged favorite from its cage, that she might smooth its plumage and allow it to peck the cherries of her lips, permitted, all inconsiderately, her pet bird to fly around the apartment, whence it unluckily escaped through the latticed window, and all unknown to its mistress, stood partly open.

"Poor I am," said Daoud,

"Twenty stripes of the bastinado!"

"What?" cried the Pacha, "art thou jesting?"

"No, indeed, your Highness," said Daoud

"with a low salaam, "I was never more sorious."

"Thou canst not mean it! Ho, there! Seyd!"

said the Pacha, turning to his purse bearer,

"give this merry fellow, twenty sequins, and let

him depart—"

"Nay, indeed," replied Daoud, "I must claim

"my promise, twenty stripes—"

"So thou art crazed! Yet as thou wilt, some men indeed entertain strange fancies."

He would perhaps avoid provoking the jealousy of other seekers after the bird who were less fortunate, and a poor than like thyself might provoke enemies which the rich and powerful could bravely with impunity?"

"Poor I am," said Daoud,

"yet most noble chief, no man has had to encounter more envy or evil fortune: nay, I have stood this very day

from early daybreak long past the hour of noon, seeking admittance to thy presence, and only at

last obtained it to restore the lost goldfinch of the Lady Aimee upon a promise to thy chamberlain, the Lord Youssef, without a surname that I

would share whatever thou shouldst award me,

in equal proportions with himself."

"Great, pay, almost immediate," said Daoud

"to the Pacha, turning to his purse bearer,

"give this merry fellow, twenty sequins, and let

him depart—"

"Nay, indeed," replied Daoud,

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## THIRTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.

On Jan. 10, the Senate discussed and passed the Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation Bill. An ineffectual fort was made to restore the appropriation, stricken out by the House, for a salary of \$1,000 to each of twenty-five consular pupils. The Senate finally added an amendment, repealing so much of the former law as authorized the appointment of such officers.

On Jan. 20th, Mr. Clay introduced a bill repealing all or parts of laws allowing bounties to vessels employed on the Banks or other cod fisheries.

After a discussion between Messrs. Clay, Seward, and Cass, the bill was referred to the Committee on Commerce.

On Jan. 21st, James C. Green, the newly elected Senator from Missouri, in place of Mr. Atchison, appeared and qualified.

Mr. Seward presented the petition of the New York Geographical Society, protesting against the coinage of three dollar and three cent pieces, and praying that none but decimal coins may be issued from the Mint. Referred to Committee on Finance.

The Submarine Telegraph bill was then taken up. After the discussion on the expediency of an amendment, Mr. Ward moved to amend the bill with a proviso that the contract to be made by the British Government shall not differ from that already proposed by that government.

The New York and Newfoundland Telegraph Company.

After some remarks by Mr. Seward, showing the importance of making this contract in order to have the use of the telegraph on equal terms with the British Government, the amendment was adopted.

A long debate then ensued upon the bill itself. Mr. Seward and other Senators wanted a guarantee in the bill which the United States shall have the same advantages in time of war as the British Government. Mr. Seward moved to amend, by postponing the effect of the act till it had been effected with Great Britain making Western terminus of the telegraph neutral ground.

Messrs. Seward and Hale argued to show that the establishment of the telegraph was itself a peace measure, calculated to bring the two nations in lasting amity.

Without final action the Senate adjourned.

Jan. 22nd, the consideration of the Submarine Telegraph Bill was resumed. After some further debate Mr. Seward withdrew his amendment. Several amendments of original character where made, when the bill passed—on May 13, as follows:

Messrs. Allen, Bell, of N. H.; Bell, of Penn; Clapp, of Brookline; Brown, Collier, Dodge, Douglass, Fessenden, Fish, Foster, Hale, Jones, James, Jones, of Iowa; Mallory, Pratt, Read, Sewall, Smith, of N. J.; Toucey, Wade, Wilson, and Yule—<sup>29</sup>

Messrs. Biggs, Clay, Crittenden, Evans, Fitzpatrick, Green, Hunter, Iverson, Mason, Pearce, and Thompson, of Ky.; Toombs, Trimble, and Walker—<sup>18</sup>

Wilson introduced a bill to procure a bust, in marble, of Justice Wm. Cushing of Massachusetts.

The House bill to enforce the attendance of witnesses, was received, and by unanimous consent referred to Select Committee, who forthwith called a meeting in the course of five minutes reported it without amendment, and asked its immediate consideration.

Wilson objected. Adjourned.

On Jan. 23rd, the Senate proceeded to the consideration of the House Bill, more effectually to secure the attendance of witnesses summoned by either House, and to compel them to disclose testimony.

Long and animated discussion ensued, after which it was passed—on May 5, 1857.

On Jan. 24th, Mr. Wilson presented the credentials of Senator from Massachusetts, for six years—on the 4th of March next.

Fessenden presented the credentials of Ainsworth, elected from the State of Maine, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Hamlin. Mr.朱斯，and being qualified took his seat.

The Senate passed a number of bills of no general interest.

On Jan. 25th, Mr. Wilson gave notice of the introduction of a bill to secure to actual settlers the alternate sections reserved in grants to the States for all railroad purposes.

He then resumed the consideration of the bill, which was introduced by Mr. Wilson, to establish a Naval Depot at Brunswick, Georgia.

On Jan. 26th, in the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, Mr. Orr offered a resolution, which was adopted, calling the President to inform the House, whether resistance, and/or otherwise, has been made, or is to be apprehended, against the official authorities of Utah, and requiring him to communicate all correspondence relative to my appointment to, or declination of office, in that territory, since January, 1857; and whether the laws thereof were properly administered with impartial justice to all inhabitants.

A motion of Mr. McElroy, the Corruption Investigating Committee was granted leave to sit during the sessions of the House.

On Jan. 27th, a bill was passed extending the land laws of the West of the Cascade Mountains.

An adverse report was presented from the Committee on the position of the inhabitants of the Territory of Arizona, praying for the establishment of a Territorial Government.

On Jan. 28th, in the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, Mr. Orr offered a resolution, which was adopted, calling the President to inform the House, whether resistance, and/or otherwise, has been made, or is to be apprehended, against the official authorities of Utah, and requiring him to communicate all correspondence relative to my appointment to, or declination of office, in that territory, since January, 1857; and whether the laws thereof were properly administered with impartial justice to all inhabitants.

A motion of Mr. McElroy, the Corruption Investigating Committee was granted leave to sit during the sessions of the House.

On Jan. 29th, a bill was passed extending the land laws of the West of the Cascade Mountains.

An adverse report was presented from the Committee on the position of the inhabitants of the Territory of Arizona, praying for the establishment of a Territorial Government.

On Jan. 30th, Mr. Wilson introduced a bill appropriating \$10,000 for the construction of a penitentiary in Nebraska, adding three additional land districts in Nebraska, for completing and opening roads in Oregon, Washington, and Minnesota Territories.

Mr. Orr introduced a bill to establish a Naval Depot at Brunswick, Georgia.

On Jan. 31st, Mr. Orr, from the Corruption Committee, voted a report, a resolution, and a bill.

points of the report that the Committee during investigation summoned as a witness James H. Slade, the correspondent of the New York Times; that, other questions, the following was proposed to the House:

"Two have made them direct; others have asked a desire to talk with me upon those subjects; I would it off, not giving them an opportunity to a distinct proposition." To the question, what do I stand you to mean when you say these communications made direct? Mr. Simonson replied, "I mean after having obtained my promise of secrecy in regard to them, they have said to me that certain measures pending before Congress ought to pay; that the parties involved had the means to pay; that they individually had money, and that they desired me to specifically state matters in such a way that if the measures passed should receive pecuniary compensation."

The Committees were impressed with the materiality of testimony withheld by the witness, as it embraced the whole of the inquiry directed by the House to be made, and were anxious to avoid any controversy with the witness. They consequently waived the interrogatories.

On the 30th, Mr. Joseph L. Chester having been brought to the bar of Mr. Simonson, the former informing the Court that, pursuant to order, he had the latter in custody.

Much interest was evinced during this proceeding.

The Speaker said that the Sergeant-at-Arms would take Mr. Simonson before the Select Committee.

Mr. Orr was willing that Mr. Simonson should appear before it, to purge himself of contempt.

Mr. Burnett denied the power of the Speaker to issue such an order.

Mr. Humphrey Marshall—Has the Speaker decided what is to be done with the accused?

Speaker—The Chair has ordered the Sergeant-at-Arms to hold him in custody till the House shall otherwise direct.

Several gentlemen, amid confusion, endeavored to address the House, but the floor was assigned to Mr. Jones of Tennessee, who said that the Sergeant-at-Arms, having executed the Speaker's warrant, had arrested and produced Mr. Simonson before the bar of the House, and he submitted whether it was within the power and jurisdiction of the Speaker to order the Sergeant-at-Arms, who would bear witness that he excused no disposition, by habeas corpus, or otherwise, to avoid the summons.

To him that he declined, the Committee would be gratified to report his declination to the House, and to fully and completely respond to that interrogatory.

The following reply, and we give it in full, that may be done Mr. Simonson in this report. He will state that certain members have approached him to know if they could not through their votes upon certain bills; will it be who these members were? And said Simonson thereto the following response: "I cannot, without a sense of confidence, which I would rather suffer," in response to other questions of similar import: "Two have made them direct; others have asked a desire to talk with me upon those subjects; I would it off, not giving them an opportunity to a distinct proposition." To the question, what do I stand you to mean when you say these communications made direct? Mr. Simonson replied, "I mean after having obtained my promise of secrecy in regard to them, they have said to me that certain measures pending before Congress ought to pay; that the parties involved had the means to pay; that they individually had money, and that they desired me to specifically state matters in such a way that if the measures passed should receive pecuniary compensation."

Mr. Davis, of Md., a member of the Select Committee, said the question was whether the House will remove the obstacle thrown in the way of the investigation, or permit it to come to a dead stand. Hence the importance of passing the bill.

At this point the Acting-Sergeant-at-Arms came into the hall with Mr. Simonson, the former informing the Court that, pursuant to order, he had the latter in custody.

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Mr. Davis, of Maryland, offered a resolution directing the Speaker to call on the prisoner to show cause why he should not be committed for refusal to answer the questions propounded by the Committee, as stated in their report; and that he have till to-morrow morning to make his answer; and that he remain in the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms.

Mr. Coffax agreed with Mr. Davis that the witness should have answered the question, but he was an American citizen, and should be heard in his defense, either by himself or by counsel.

Voice—That's right!

Mr. Washburne, of Maine, did not understand Mr. Davis to prevent Mr. Simonson from being heard now, but only gives him the privilege till to-morrow evening.

Further debate ensued, when the following, offered by Mr. Orr, was adopted—on May 5, 1857.

The KANSAS COMMITTEE.—The National Kansas Committee has been in session at New York. Too.

Secretary reported the receipts, since the organization, at about \$90,000, while the expenditures have been \$81,000. Great quantities of clothing have also been received valued at \$60,000.

The committee on the subject, reported that the principal Railroad Companies were willing to abate 25 per cent. on the fare for Kansas emigrants. The committee have forwarded two thousand emigrants.

honored positions to such base purposes. The country has the right to know who have betrayed the trust confided to them by their constituents. The honest men of the House should aid by the exercise of all the powers with which they are vested, to secure the names of the supposed guilty parties, and thereby shield the general reputation of the body as well as their own characters from unjust and improper imputation and suspicion. The Committee consider it unnecessary to enter into an elaborate argument to establish the power of the House in this case. The summons was issued under the hand of the Speaker and was attested by the Clerk of the House, and the continuance of the witness is a contempt of authority. If he is a witness, it is a contempt of authority if he is a party to a contempt and his confinement until the contempt is purged, besides the right to inflict other punishment afterwards, it seems to your Committee that none will question the authority of the House when they recur to the statute. By an act passed May 3d, 1857, authority is given to the President of the Senate to issue his warrant to the Clerk of the House, the Chairman of a Select Committee of either House, to administer oaths to witnesses in any case under their examination, and a full, absolute and false swearing before either is declared to be perjury, and is punishable as such. Here is express authority to swear witnesses and false swearing is punishable as perjury. It is then a contempt of the authority of this House, (and the Committee are acting as and for the House in this investigation) for a witness to refuse to testify to material facts within his knowledge? The Committee concur unanimously in opinion that the House is clothed with ample power to order the party into custody, there remain only released by the same authority, the expression of the present Congress.

The Committee recommend the adoption of the following resolution:

That the Speaker issue his warrant to the Sergeant-at-Arms commanding him to take into custody the body of Mr. Simonson, whenever he is found, and the same forthwith be brought before said House at the bar thereof, to answer for a contempt of the authority of this House.

Mr. Orr, not conceiving it necessary to say anything in support of the resolution, merely moved that it be put on the passage. This being done, he should report from the Committee a bill more effectually to enforce the attendance of witnesses on the summons of either House. It was read, being, in substance, that any person wilfully refusing to give testimony or produce papers before any committee, shall be liable to indictment for malversation and imprisonment shall pay a fine of not more than \$1,000, nor less than \$100, and be imprisoned in the Penitentiary for not more than one year, nor less than one month, and no person thus testifying shall be held to answer before any court of justice, for any facts disclosed before the Committee of either House.

The Speaker asked him whether he had anything further to say.

Mr. Simonson having decided he might be heard orally, proceeded to say that he should pursue the path of duty, according to the convictions of his own conscience, to the end. One of the first and radical mistakes made, was a statement that this investigation depended on something he had written or published. He repudiated altogether, His letter published in the Times of the 6th of January contained nothing to justify such proceedings. He denied that the House has any just power to punish for contempt. He said that they were protected by the Constitution, which declares that no citizen shall be deprived of his liberty without due process of law. There was no evidence implicating members of the House. Certain gentlemen came to him and bound him to secrecy, he had no right to receive their confidence, and had not volunteered charges against any body which should make it necessary that he should violate confidence. Having become morally convinced that corruption did exist, he felt it right, as a member of the press, to denounce it. He had stated to the Committee that he had no personal knowledge of the fact. Was it right, he laying no corroborative testimony, to press him to answer? He made further remarks in defence of his position.

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## Wit and Humor.

## MORAL SUASION.

You will know—if not, I can inform you there—that the chief city of California is somewhat infested by Chinamen.

An acquaintance of ours was junior partner and occasional salesman, in a firm whose business it was to sell fish-hooks, cod lines, rope's ends, and other odds and ends. One day, a John Chinaman, followed by a train of about ten of his countrymen, ranged tandem fashion, entered the establishment, and after peering around for a few seconds, exclaimed:

"Cotton seine twine—got him?"

"Yes!" was the answer.

"How much take?"

"One dollar a pound."

"Um! give fifty cents!"

"Get out!" said the junior partner, with a menacing gesture, and John Chinaman departed, followed by his tail, and his countrymen.

The train passed and re-passed the door several times, and at length re-entered. John, looking around, as though he had never been there before, again inquired:

"Cotton seine twine—got him?"

"Yes!"

"How much take?"

"One dollar a pound."

"Um! give seventy-five cents."

"Get out!" cried the excited partner, and the Chinese population departed as before.

The wild-goose procession paraded past a few times and then re-entered. The spokesman, after gazing around some time, lifted up his voice a third time, and thus he spoke:

"Cotton seine twine—got him?"

"Yes!"

"How much take?"

"One dollar a pound!"

"Um! give fifty cents!"

"Get out!" cried the excited partner, and the Chinese population departed as before.

The salesmen whispered to Patrick, the porter, to hand him a cleaver. This had, he grasped the astonished John Chinaman with his left hand, and raising his cleaver, with the right, exclaimed: "One dollar a pound!!!"

John gave one look at the cleaver, another at the face of the salesman, and yelled out: "I take one hundred pounds!"

The bargain was thereon closed. So much for moral suasion.—*Porter's Spirit.*

**MODEL OF AN ENGLISH SPINACH.**—In rising to repay to the noble lord, he hoped that the noble lord would do justice to the sentiments of respect which he cherished for the noble lord. He also begged that the noble lord would, in that spirit of liberality which distinguished the noble lord, understand that he was prompted by no desire to think differently from the noble lord. He believed that the noble lord and himself had always hitherto agreed on all matters which concerned the common weal; and if the noble lord would be pleased to remember, he had stood side by side in many a well-fought battle for ancient privileges with the noble lord. As to the present subject, he would inform the noble lord that if there was a diversity of opinion between himself, he meant to say between the noble lord and himself, and there undoubtedly was a diversity. (*hear, hear,*) that difference was no more than the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee. (*Cheers.*) But he would assure the noble lord that if the noble lord would search the records to satisfy any doubt which might remain on the mind of the noble lord, the noble lord would find that the facts which he should present ought to have some weight on the mind of the noble lord. A few of these had already been presented by the committee for the consideration of the noble lord, and he would ask the noble lord to go with him while he should make other statements to the noble lord, if he might presume to claim, for a few moments, the attention of the noble lord!—*Kicker-Mecker.*

**THE MARRIAGE FEE.**—The late Dr. Boynton was once disputing with a farmer about the ease with which a minister earned money.

"Now," said the farmer, "when you are called on to marry a couple, you never expect a less sum than three dollars, and you sometimes get ten dollars—this for a few minutes' service."

"Pooh!" replied the doctor, "I would agree to give you half of my very next marriage fee for a bushel of potatoes."

"Very well," said the farmer, "I'll take your offer, and send you the potatoes."

A few days afterwards, the doctor was called on to split a loving couple at Dogtown, a place about four miles from where he lived. When the ceremony was over, the bridegroom said to the worthy minister:

"Well, parson, I suppose I must fork over something for your trouble. What say you to taking one of my terrier pups? The best breed, I tell you, in the country. Shocking nice to have in the barn. Worth full five dollars—and I suppose a figure 2 would do for the splice, eh?"

The doctor took the pup with joy. The joke was too good; he hastened to the farmer, saying:—

"Now, friend, here is my fee—how shall we divide it?"

The farmer relished the joke so well, that he increased the potatoes to half-a-dozen bushels.

**AN ACCOMMODATING SISTER.**—In a certain New England parish, a difficulty arose about the location of the new meeting house, and the church was rent with the division. The pastor at length preached a melting sermon on the subject of union, and the congregation were dissolved in tears. The next morning Deacon Jones went over early to see his opponent, Deacon Shaw, to make an earnest effort for peace, and the following ensued:

Deacon J.—"Deacon Shaw, I havn't slept a wink all night—and I've come over to see if we can't have peace on this subject of the meeting house; we must settle the difficulty."

Deacon S.—"Well, I am very happy to hear you talk so, for to tell the truth, I always thought you were a little set in your way."

Deacon J.—"Not at all—and as a proof that I am not, I've come this morning on purpose to see you. Now, Deacon Shaw, we must settle this unhappy difficulty, and there but one way to do it—you must give up, for I can't."

**THE PARDONING POWER.**—A comic paper perpetrated the following upon the Ex-Governor of New York, who pardoned 14 notorious convicts just before his term of office expired!—Gov. Clark was being shaved the other day, when the barber accidentally tweaked his nose a little too hard. "Pardon me," said he very naturally. "Put your hand in my coat pocket and pull a blank out," said the kind-hearted Governor. "I'll fill it up for you when you're done."

**UNAVAILING.**—"What say you to taking the veil?" said a Catholic to his young wife.

"I am content," she replied, "provided you get me a new bonnet with it."

**A LAUGHING CLERGYMAN.**—Once upon a time there was a clergyman, the Rev. Dr. T., a man of high character, and distinguished for his dignity of manner. But it was remarked that frequently, when ascending the pulpit stairs, he would smile, and sometimes almost titter, as if beset by an uncontrollable desire to laugh. This excited remark, and at last scandal; finally, it was thought necessary for some of his clerical friends, at a meeting of the association, to bring up the matter for consideration.

The case was stated, the Rev. Dr. T. being present. "Well, gentlemen," said he, "the fact charged against me is true, but I beg you to permit me to offer an explanation. A few months after I was licensed to preach, I was in a country town, and on a Sabbath morning was about to enter upon the services of the church. Back of the pulpit was a window, which looked upon a field of clover, then in full bloom, for it was summer. As I rose to commence the reading of the Scriptures, I cast a glance into the field, and there I saw a man performing the most extraordinary evolutions—jumping, whirling, slapping in all directions, and with a ferocious agony of exertion. At first I thought he was mad, but suddenly the truth burst upon me—a *bumble-bee* had crept into his *pantaloons!* I am constitutionally nervous, gentlemen, and the shock of this scene upon my frail sensibilities, was so great that I could hardly get through the services. Several times I was upon the point of bursting into a laugh. Even to this day the remembrance of this scene—through the temptation of the devil—often comes upon me as I am ascending the pulpit. This, I admit, is a weakness, but I trust it will rather excite your sympathy and your prayers than your reproaches."—*Goswick's Recollections.*

**A FIRST-RATE PUFF.**—A large dry goods establishment was recently burned down in this city, when one of the large fire-safe manufacturers of New York, who knew they had one of their articles in the building, wrote on, and requested the proprietors of the ruined store, to state how their safe had withstood the conflagration. The answer was as follows: "Gentlemen, your safes are wonderful. Nothing can surpass them for protecting books and papers, though they have some unfortunate opposite effects. One of our clerks, on Saturday, bought a Shanghai rooster, and at night, unknown to us, put it for safe keeping in the safe. That night, our establishment was destroyed by fire, and the safe and its contents were exposed to a tremendous heat for thirty-six hours, at the end of which time it was hoisted out red hot. As soon as possible, it was opened, when, you may judge of our surprise, when we found within it the Shanghai rooster leaning against the ledger, *frozen to death!*"—*Spirit of the Times.*

**STORMING HEAVEN.**—We once heard of a man who lived in old Hampton, who was celebrated in that region for the loud tone in which he gave utterance to his prayers. He could be heard in calm weather the distance of two miles, and he usually, as he became more fervent in spirit, waxed louder in tone, till his voice was heard at a very great distance as he poured forth his frequent supplications. He lived about a mile and a half from Boar's Head, and with a head wind which would drive the waves furiously upon the beach, the voice of the suppliant could be heard rising above the roar of the tempest and the sound of the dashing breakers. A stranger at the beach one day, hearing the sound for a long time, as it evidently came from a distance, asked with considerable curiosity what noise that was.

A local wag near by, with a roguish twinkle of the eye, replied—"Oh, that's one of our pious brethren *praying in secret!*"—*Boston Gazette.*

**ANCIENT JEWISH NOTIONS ON MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.**—Marriages were supposed to be arranged in heaven; and forty days before the birth of a child, it was there announced to whom he or she was to be wedded. The marriage relation should be entered between eighteen and twenty; but these ties do not prevent the zealous student from prosecuting his studies. The policy of second marriages was considered doubtful, as nothing could make up for the loss of a wife. (Isaiah liv. 6.) An unmarried person was without any good, (Gen. ii. 18,) without joy, (Deut. xiv. 26,) without blessing, (Ezek. xliv. 30,) without protection, (Jer. xxxi. 23,) without peace, (Job v. 24,) and could not properly be called a man. (Gen. v. 2.) In the choice of a wife, regard should be paid to her family, as daughters generally imitated their fathers, and sons their maternal uncles. The most prized connection was that with the family of a sage, or at least with that of a ruler of a synagogue, or the president of a poor's board. Connection with the unlettered could not be allowed, unless the wealth so acquired were to be devoted to assist the sage in his studies; in general, the unlearned were "dead even while living." (Isaiah xxv. 14.)

Mutual affection and modesty, especially on the part of the wife, was regarded as the chief means of obtaining male descendants. It was observed that God formed woman neither out of the head, lest she should become proud, nor out of the eye, lest she should lust, nor out of the ear, lest she should be curious, nor out of the mouth, lest she should be talkative, nor out of the heart, lest she should be jealous, nor out of the hand, lest she should be covetous, nor out of the foot, lest she should gnat about, but out of the rib, which was always covered. Improper marriages—from lust for beauty or for money—were strongly condemned, and described as leading to wretchedness, inasmuch as whether good or bad, woman is always so in the superlative degree. The husband is bound not only to honor and love, but to treat his wife with courtesy; her tears call down Divine vengeance. In general, he is to spend less than his means warrant for food, up to his means for his own clothing, and beyond that limit for that of his wife and children. As woman is formed from a rib, and man from the ground, man seeks a wife, and vice versa; he only sees what has lost. This also explains why man is more easily reconciled than woman—he is made of soft earth, and she of hard bone. A woman should abstain from all appearance of evil, immodesty, or impurity; she should always meet her husband cheerfully, cleanly, and kindly, receive his friends with politeness and affability, and be obedient, and respectful.—*Edershaw's History of the Jewish Nation.*

**CHEAP PAINT FOR FENCES AND BUILDINGS.**

The many inquiries we receive on this subject induce us to give the results of any experiments we make or which come under our observation.

Having had occasion recently to erect and paint a board fence about three hundred feet long, the following mode was adopted. The fence was made of six horizontal boards, besides the cap, nailed to red cedar posts, and to avoid expense, the boards (of nearly clear stuff pine) were left unpainted. The expense of painting both sides by a machine driven with steam, would have been five dollars.

The paint applied was made like common oil paint, ground water-lime being used for the pigment, not on account of any virtue it may possess from its properties as a cement, but because of its cheapness, costing about half-a-cent a pound.

It may possibly, however, be much better than some other paints, as a fence coated once with it in mixture with oil three years ago, appears as perfect as the day it was applied. In order to give it a warmer tint, to correspond with the buildings adjacent, a small portion of Brandon Red was added. A single coat of this paint was then given to the fence, the rough boards remaining enough to be equal to three ordinary coats on planed boards. About nine gallons of oil were thus consumed, costing about eleven dollars. The paint was valued at fifty cents; and about four days were occupied in mixing and applying it, at six dollars cost, the whole surface on both sides and the posts being painted. The total cost was nearly eighteen dollars.

**UNAVAILING.**—"What say you to taking the veil?" said a Catholic to his young wife.

"I am content," she replied, "provided you get me a new bonnet with it."

**A YANKEE DOWN EAST.**—A Yankee Down East has invented a machine for corking up daylight, which will eventually supersede gas. He covers the interior of a four barrel with shoemaker's wax—holds it open to the sun, then suddenly heads up the barrel. The light sticks to the wax, and at night can be cut and sold in "lots to suit purchasers."

**UNAVAILING.**—"What say you to taking the veil?" said a Catholic to his young wife.

"I am content," she replied, "provided you get me a new bonnet with it."



"SOMETHING TOO MUCH OF THIS."

**PoETIC GENIES.**—(who has been boring a friend with his last effusion).—Thy mantle, Peace, descend on earth!

**FRIEND.**—Friend (who can stand it no longer).—Well, see here, if the mantle-piece is going to descend, you had better stand out of the way!

## Agricultural.

### PRESERVING FORESTS.

Farmers have different opinions about cutting off the produce of forests from land designed for the sole use of producing wood and timber. The practice of cutting off all the growth, little and great, has been the popular custom in this vicinity for many years past; it is true that where the design is to continue a growth from the sprouts of the stumps from which the wood has recently been taken, that cutting clean might be the better way, but when we are to depend upon seed to furnish us with saplings for the next growth, I from one should dissent from cutting all the young and thrifty trees. I have been in the practice of cutting off wood for nearly forty years, for the market, as one of the most profitable productions of my farm, and have paid critical attention to the success of the growth; the original growth on my farm was principally the different varieties of oak and pitch pine. At the time of removing the old growth, young white pines had sprung up, and advanced in all sizes from one foot up to some twenty in height, on some of my lots; on other lots there was no appearance of a young progeny. We were very careful to save all the young trees possible, instead of indiscriminate havoc. The advantage of saving the saplings will be readily discerned by every practical wood-grower; the young trees carefully preserved from injury, while cutting off the old growth, will soon take a start, and be in advance of the forest which is to spring from the seed some five, ten, fifteen or twenty years; this advance in the growth is no small item in the farmer's income. On lots where none of these young saplings had taken root, I have been careful to select suitable seed trees, of the varieties I wished to propagate, and spared one or more on every acre I wished to replenish with a future growth. In this way I have been saved the labor of sowing seed or transplanting trees, and have found about the third or fourth year from the cutting off, a plentiful supply of young trees showing themselves, but greatly in the rear of those lots where the young saplings were saved.

Every person who can discern the signs of the times, can foresee the importance of encouraging the growth of wood upon every scrap of land which is not wanted for cultivation. With all the effort, care and economy which farmers are capable of putting into exercise, they need be under no doubtful apprehensions of producing an over-supply of wood. There is a natural propensity in forest lands to exhaust themselves of the chemical principles which produce any one variety of forest trees; when that is the case, numerous saplings or some other variety will show themselves, previously to removing the former growth, which is a sure indication that it should be either well-rotted or free from straw or coarse fibres, which might afford a harbor for these depredators. If no application has been made in autumn, it is still not too late, as the late winter and spring rains will do essential service. We have found it advantageous to add the manure about one-tenth to one-twentieth of wood ashes. The spent ashes from the common domestic leach is still quite strong and valuable for this purpose.

Washing the bark of young trees, which is infested with moss, scales, or eggs of insects, with a solution of sal soda of the shops gives the bark a fine, clean, healthy appearance.

Any mild day of winter is a good time for the work.

All fruit raisers will remember for a long time the heavy losses experienced last winter from mice.

The sharp frost of the past month, together with the small amount of snow in most localities, has served to check them; and we hope not to hear from them soon. Banking up around the stems, as we have heretofore described, has always proved a most efficient remedy in all ordinary instances; but if this has not been attended to before the freezing up of the ground, it will be an important precaution to tread the snow about the trees a few inches on each side, whenever there is a fresh fall of snow or fresh drifts.

Owners of young orchards, who wish to avoid thick, badly-shaped, or distorted tops to their trees, should remember the old rule, "Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." A crooked end now, will make a crooked bough when the tree becomes large; small cross branches; an uneven head at the start, will make a lop-sided fully grown tree. By forming the head when young, everything may be done with a single cut of the knife, that in future years would require hard labor with the saw, and leave large wounds besides. Mild days of winter afford good opportunities for pruning and shaping young trees.—*Country Gentleman.*

**ROOSTING LADDERS.**—The best roost in a poultry house is the ladder shaped. Make a ladder three feet wide and of a convenient length, to slope at an angle of 45 degrees, (that is, the foot of the ladder resting as far from the wall, if the ladder rests against a wall or partition, as the top is above the floor.) The rounds should be two feet apart, to allow the fowls above may not foul those beneath. Octagonal roosts are better than round ones.

**BLEEDING SWINE.**—The best place to do this is from an artery just above the knee, on the inside of the fore leg. It may be drawn more copiously from the roof of the mouth. The flow of blood may usually be stopped by applying cold water with a sponge or cloth.—*Alien.*

## Useful Receipts.

**HORSE DISTEMPER.**—I send you a receipt for this disease which I have received great benefit from:—Six tablespoomfuls soap, 1 tablespoomful black pepper, 1 tablespoomful ginger, 1 tablespoomful salt, 3 eggs, and Indian meal enough to make a stiff batter. Mix all well together, and make it into four balls; give one morning and evening till gone. The four balls will generally effect a cure. Should it not do so entirely, repeat the dose. I have never known a failure.—Cor. N. E. Far.

**CURE FOR FOOT EVIL.**—Fill the diseased part with fine salt—then pour on a small quantity of spirits of turpentine. From one to three applications will usually effect a cure.—Cor. Country Gentleman.

**TO CLEAN PAINT.**—Smear a piece of flannel with common whiting, mixed to the consistency of common paste, in warm water. Rub the surface to be cleaned quite briskly, and wash off with pure, cold water. Grease spots will in this way be almost instantly removed, as well as other filth, and the paint will retain its brilliancy and beauty unimpaired.

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